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LIBERALITY;

OR, THE

DECAYED MACARONI.

A SENTIMENTAL PIECE.

Printed for the AUTHOR:

And ſold by Meſſrs. Dodſley, Robſon, Cadell, and Dilly, London; Prince and Cook, at Oxford; Merril, at Cambridge; and Hazard, at Bath.

Price ONE SHILLING.

ENTER'D AT STATIONER'S HALL.

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THE

DECAYED MACARONI,

A SENTIMENTAL PIECE.

I.

I AM a decay'd Macaroni,
My Lodging's up three Pair of Stairs;
My Cheeks are grown wondrously bony,
And grey, very grey, are my Hairs:

My

II.

My Landlady eyes me ſeverely,
And frowns when ſhe opens the Door:
My Taylor behaves cavalierly—
And my Coat will bear ſcouring no more:

III.

Alas! what Misfortunes attend
The Man of a *liberal* Mind!
How poor are his Thanks at the End,
From baſe and ungrateful Mankind!

IV.

My Father, a ſtingy old *Rum*,
His Fortune by Induſtry made,
And dying bequeath'd me a *Plum*,
Which he meant I ſhould double in Trade:

V.

Oh! how could he deſtine to Trade
A Man, of my Figure and Senſe!
A Man who ſo early diſplay'd
Such a *liberal* Taſte for Expence!

When

VI.

When I firſt came to *Years of Diſcretion*,
I took a round Sum from the Stocks,
Juſt to keep up a *decent* Succeſſion
Of Race-horſes, Women, and Cocks:

VII.

Good Company always my Aim,
Comme il faut were my Cellars and Table:
And freely I aſk'd to the ſame
Ev'ry Jockey that came to my Stable:

VIII.

No Stripling of Fortune I noted
With a Paſſion for Carding and Dice,
But to Him I my Friendſhip devoted,
And gave Him the beſt of Advice:

IX.

"To look upon Money as Traſh,
Not play like a pitiful Elf,
But turn all his Acres to Caſh,
And ſport it as free as myſelf."

X.

And as Faro was always my Joy,
I ſet up a Bank of my own,
Juſt to enter a Hobbydehoy
And give Him a Smack of the *Ton*:

XI.

In the Morning I took him a hunting,
At Dinner well-plyed with Champain,
At Tea gave a Lecture on punting;
At Midnight, on throwing a Main:

XII.

His Friends too with Bumpers I cheer'd,
And in Truth ſhould have deem'd it a Sin
To have made, when a *Stranger* appear'd,
Any Scruple of *taking Him in*.

XIII.

As I always was kind, and ſoft-hearted,
I took a rich Maiden to Wife;
And though in a Week we were parted,
I gave Her a Penſion for Life;

XIV.

My free and humane Diſpoſition
(Thank Heaven) I ever have ſhewn
To all in a helpleſs Condition,
Whoſe Fortunes I'd firſt made my own:

XV.

To ******* with whom long ago,
My Friendſhip in Childhood begun,
I preſented a handſome *Rouleau*,
When his ALL I had luckily won;

XVI.

My Friends were much pleas'd with the Action,
But *charm'd* when I open'd my Door
To his Wife, whom He lov'd to Diſtraction,
But could not ſupport any more.

XVII.

The Love of my Country at laſt,
In a Soul ſo exalted as mine,
All other fond Paſſions ſurpaſt,
I long'd in the Senate to ſhine;

XVIII.

With a *liberal* Zeal I was fir'd
The Good of the State to promote,
And nothing more truly deſir'd
Than to make the *beſt Uſe* of my Vote:

XIX.

I panted th' Abuſes to quaſh
That caſt ſuch a Slur on the Nation,
And reſolv'd to diſpoſe of my Caſh,
In buying a whole Corporation:

XX.

I ſoon heard of one to be ſold,
Such a Bargain, I could not forego it,
With the Freemen ſo cheap were enroll'd
A Lawyer, a Prieſt, and a Poet.

XXI.

I touch'd all the Aldermen round,
And paid double Price for the Mayor;
But at length to my Sorrow I found
They'd been ſold long before I came there;

XXII.

In vain for ſarcaſtical Song
Did my Poet his Talents diſplay,
My Lawyer th' Election prolong,
And the Parſon get drunk ev'ry Day:

XXIII.

To my very laſt Farthing I treated,
And ſet the whole Town in a Flame:
And ſince I've ſo baſely been cheated,
I'll publiſh the Truth to their Shame:

XXIV.

My Rival aloft in his Chair
Like a Hero triumphantly rode,
My Lawyer and Prieſt at his Ear,
My Poet preſenting an Ode:

XXV.

While unable to pay for their Prog,
Their Wine, their Tobacco, and Ale,
I was forc'd to ſneak off like a Dog
With a Caniſter tyed to his Tail:

XXVI.

Yet how can I patiently yield
Thoſe Palms I ſo juſtly might claim,
When I view ſuch a plentiful Field
For fair Oratorical Fame?

XXVII.

'Tis true, I'm a little decayed,
My Lungs rather huſky of late,
Yet ſtill could I throw in my Aid,
To manage a party Debate:

XXVIII.

My Legs (you obſerve it no Doubt)
Partake of the general Shock;
Yet I truſt they might fairly hold out
Seven Hours by *Weſtminſter Clock*.

XXIX.

But in vain have I ſtudied the Art
With Abuſe to beſpatter the Foe,
And ſhoot it like Mud from a Cart,
With the true CICERONIAN Flow:

XXX.

My Genius and Spirit I feel
Depreſs'd by Adverſity's Cup;
My Merit, alaſs! and my Zeal
For my Country, hath eaten me up:

XXXI.

Yet ſpite of ſo fair a Pretenſion,
Th' unfeeling, ill-judging Premier
Hath meanly deny'd me a Penſion—
Though I aſk'd but a Thouſand a Year.

XXXII.

Where then ſhall I fly from Oppreſſion,
Or where ſhall I ſeek an Abode,
Unſkill'd in a Trade or Profeſſion—
Too feeble for taking the Road?

XXXIII.

I'll haſten, O! Bath, to thy Springs,
Thy Seats of the wealthy and gay,
Where the hungry are fed with good Things,
And the rich are ſent empty away:

XXXIV.

With you, ye ſweet Streams of Compaſſion,
My Fortune I'll ſtrive to repair,
Where ſo many People of Faſhion
Have Money enough, and to ſpare:

XXXV.

And truſt, as they give it ſo freely,
By private Subſcription to raiſe,
Enough to maintain me genteely,
And *ſport with*, the reſt of my Days.

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.